

The Pocahontas Times

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, July 10, 1902

\$1.00 a Year

Vol. 30 No. 51

Law Cards.

RICHARDSON & TIPTON,
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention
given to all business placed in
their hands.

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Attorney-at-Law and Notary
Public
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas county and in the
supreme Court of Appeals.

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Attorney-at-Law,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Practices in Greenbrier and
adjacent counties.

F. RAYMOND HILL,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary
Public,
ACADEMY, W. VA.

Will practice in all the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and Supreme Court of Appeals.

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Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Court of Appeals of the
State of West Virginia.

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Attorney,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Practice in Pocahontas and adjoining
counties. Prompt and careful
attention given to all legal work.

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Prompt and careful attention
given to all legal work.

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Attorneys-at-Law,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

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Greenbrier and adjoining counties,
and in the Court of Appeals of the
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Pocahontas and adjoining counties

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Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Supreme Court of Ap-
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Prompt and careful attention
given to all legal business.

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J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office and residence opposite the
Marlinton Hotel. All calls an-
swered promptly.

L. J. MARSHALL, M. D.
Physician and surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All calls promptly answered
Office over Marlinton Drug Store.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

DR. M. STOUT,
DENTIST,
Has located and is ready for
business in the Bank of Marlinton
Building, Marlinton, W. Va.

HENRY A. SLAVEN,
Practical Land Surveyor,
Meadow Dale, Virginia.

Moss and Blue Prints a specialty.
Pocahontas County solicited.

ON TO GRAFTON

Account of the First Campaign in the War
Between the States

THE LAST OF THE SERIES

Revised History of the Highlanders.
Some Supplementary Words by the
First Volunteer Chaplain, now in
Easy Retirement

The writer hereby gratefully re-
cognizes the kind offices of T. J.
Williams for this additional list of
Highland Volunteers. By this ser-
vice the proposed brochure, "On
to Grafton," will be made much
more in keeping with the aims and
wishes of the compiler, and the ex-
pectations of our friends.

Alexander, James
Benson, James
Benson, Lewis
Bird, Calvin
Bird, J. W. (No. 2)
Curry, Amos C.
Chewning, John W.
Chewning, George W.
Chewning, Charles
Chewning, No. 3
Chew, James
Carroll, John
Carroll, Hamilton
Carroll, William
Davis, Andrew S. F.
Davis, James
Ervine, E. Veitch
Ervine, Henry
Ervine, Augustus
Gardner, James A.
Huff, J. T.
Hite, Erasmus
Hite, Horatio
Hiner, John W. No. 2
Hupman, Peter H.
Hupman, John W.
Hupman, John
Jones, H. H.
Kincaid, Warwick C.
Keister, Wm. R.
Leitch, James
Leitch, Sylvester
Leitch, John T.
Leitch, Colonel
Leitch, Robert
Leitch, Elijah
Lockridge, J. W.
Lockridge, A. T.
Lyman, W. R.
Lane, James
Manly, James
Marsters, Andrew
McDaniel, Solomon
McDaniel, William
McKay, Joseph
McKay, Joshua
McKay, St. Clair
Malcomb, Wm. R.
Malcomb, Baxter
Malcomb, J. Morgan
McAllister, George A.
McAllister, Thomas S.
Oaks, J. Rufus
Pullin, H. M.
Pullin, H. B.
Pullin, J. W.
Patterson, S. Pruyne
Pence, Harvey
Propst, Jeremiah
Pullin, J. Morgan
Rowe, John W.
Rider, Richard
Ross, John A.
Stewart, Charles
Stewart, W. V. P.
Stewart, Henry
Stewart, J. M.
Stewart, James St. Clair
Stephenson, L. H.
Sheffer, John W.
Sheffer, David A.
Sheffer, George W.
Siron, John M.
Siron, Abel H.
Taylor, Emanuel
Williams, T. J.
Williams, M. L.
Wilson, Ezekiah
Wilson, John
Wilson, James A.

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was already on record, consequently
the oath of allegiance could
have no retroactive reference.

Then too it was understood as
interpreted by the Federal officials
themselves that the oath implied
obligated those subscribing to
obey the laws and never thereafter
take up arms against the govern-
ment. All this too without refer-
ence whatever to any change be-
ing required in the sentiments of
the Confederates. Such might
think and speak as they pleased
so they obeyed the laws, let guns
and swords alone, except in de-
fence of the federal government.

Moreover had all such allusions
been suppressed, the diaries would
have lost the main reason why they
should be highly prized by future
historians, as they will most cer-
tainly be, unless there be other
diaries to come out as well authen-
ticated, these diaries with their
simple annals will take precedence
over even official reports in the es-
timation of future writers of his-
tory, when they come to rehearse
the story of the first Confederate
campaign by the provisional Vir-
ginia volunteers.

In thinking over the scenes and
incidents recalled by the recently
published diaries, the more clearly
do we realize the omnipresence of
God's ruling hand in all the events
of life, causing us to appreciate
more than ever Dr. Wm. Plummer's
fifty spoken words on God's
providential care.

Dr. Plummer's has been a rever-
end name with me from my earliest
memories down to the present mo-
ment. While he was a student at
Lewistown preparing for the du-
ties of his magnificent mission in
life under the teachings of Dr.
McElhenney, Dr. Plummer was
his venerated mother's Sabbath-
school teacher. As pastor of the
Richmond 1st Presbyterian church
he baptized the little child that is
now Mrs. A. L. Price, and as el-
der of the Watchman of the South
(now succeeded by the Central
Presbyterian) the first religious
editorials I ever read were written
by him.

This is what Dr. Plummer testifies
as to God's kindness to his
humble, prayerful, confiding sons
and daughters:

"Go among God's people and
learn how goodly in many ways
their lot has been. What good pa-
rents most of them have had; how
wonderfully God has led them in
many important steps of life; how
pleasant have been their friends
and their children. Even the lit-
tle ones whom Jesus has early cal-
led to himself seem still to warm
and nestle in the bosom of paren-
tal love. How many good books
they have had to read; what kind
and skillful physicians have at-
tended them in sickness; when dis-
eases have come upon them, what
good places they have had to be
sick in; how infrequent and short
their bodily infirmities commonly
are. How seldom they suffered for
the want of suitable food, or clothing,
or shelter, or any necessary thing.
How marked the hand of God in
ordering the general tenor of their
lives. Often have their feet well
slipped, but God has held them
up. They have been in the midst
of almost all evil, but it has not
been allowed to sweep them
away. How often has God be-
dighted their way with thorns, and
made a wall that they could not
find their paths." (Hosea 2, v.)

Often they could not perform their
enterprises, which would have pro-
ved their ruin. (Job 5, xli.) The
unseen dangers from men and de-
vils, from friends and foes, from
darkness and pestilence surround-
ing us are far more numerous than
those which are visible. Could we
have seen them all as God saw
them our lives would probably
have been full of misery. How
kind his providence in giving us a
heart and temper to enjoy life and
its mercies."

Now such consoling words and
breathing thoughts thus expressed
by Dr. Plummer help us to realize
the sweetness, beauty, and light of
Browning's well nigh inspired
verses:

We see thy hand, it leads us, it
supports us;
We hear thy voice, it counsels and
it courts us.
And then we turn away, and still
thy kindness
Informs our blindness.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that the
Stockholders of the Elk Valley
and Midland Railroad Company
will hold their first meeting for
the purpose of organization and such
other proceedings as may be had
at an annual meeting and to do
and perform all other business
necessary and proper to be done
under the laws of the stockholders
meeting, on the 28th day of July,
1902, at the offices of McGraw and
Post, in the town of Grafton, in
the County of Taylor, State of
West Virginia, at ten o'clock a. m.

The incorporators of said Rail-
road Company have opened books
of subscription to the capital stock
of said Company at the Grafton
Bank, in said town, county, and
State, under the direction of Chas.
R. Durbin, Esq. Signed,
JOHN T. MCKINAW,
GEORGE W. CLINTON,
C. P. DORR,
JOS. FUGG,
JACOB FISHER.

WOODS AND WATER

A Department Devoted to the Manly Pas-
time of Hunting and Fishing

CANOEING ON THE GREENBRIER

Down the River in a Heavy Loaded
Boat, A 24 Mile Run, Shooting the
Rapids around Droop

The man who attempts to canoe
throughout the length of Green-
brier River is impressed by its am-
ple space for "scenery," and the
thousands of likely places to wet a
fish line; he unconsciously begins
to mentally calculate how many
million bass, and other fishes have
their being at a given time in the
river, their probable weight, and
the energy expressed in horse pow-
er necessary to drag them, resist-
ing from the water with hook and
line. The human mind, shaken
by this excursion into the realm
of statistics, returns to saner con-
templation. If the water is get-
ting low, the attention is pretty
well taken up by looking out for
breakers ahead.

When you load a 11-foot canvas
boat originally intended for one
person, with 100lb. baggage be-
sides a middle weight man and a
physical cultured woman of nine
stone weight, or thereabout you
have need to look out for bars and
reefs. Therefore, it was with a
sinking heart that we embarked
on such a cruise on a Thursday
morning lately. In anticipation
we heard the tooth-edging sound
of the delicate canvass grinding on
the sharp boulders in swift rifles,
and possible upsets.

As a matter of fact we did touch
a good many rocks that day and
sprung several leaks, besides por-
aging around a mill dam or two,
but when we reached the splendid
region of Droop Mountain, where
the river cuts its way through that
table hill, our spirits instinctively
were raised by the very grandeur
of the scene. On its western face
this mountain presents the anom-
aly of being in a fine state of cul-
tivation on its brow, while the foot
is clothed in virgin forest.

Four rapids are notable in the
annals of raftsmen, of the days
intending the railway. The first,
known as the "Davy Run," tradi-
tion relates that a man by the
name of Davy was drowned here
some sixty years ago, in attempt-
ing to run the place on a small
raft. After reconnoitering, we got
through in a few minutes without
special difficulty, the lady choosing
to walk round.

The "Sliding Water" comes next
—so called because of the smooth,
still water just above the rapids.
This is the swiftest place on the
river, but less dangerous than
some other places because of the
absence of sharp, projecting rocks
such as are numerous elsewhere,
notably at the point next succeed-
ing known as the "C'en Rocks"—
why so called we are unable to
earn, unless because it is "very
rocky here, and rocks are suppos-
ed to resemble glens."

The ship and crew were so shaken
by their encounter with the
Glen Rocks, and some new leaks
appearing in the hold, it was de-
cided to look out for a camping
place, as it was now well along
towards sundown. Fortune favor-
ed us, and an elegant, clean sandy
beach was soon found! Opposite
the section station No. 6, known
as "Droop." No better place
could be desired for a camp, and
the clean, yielding sand subse-
quently proved excellent sleeping-
ground. The surroundings were
of enchanting loveliness, in pros-
pect of woods and water beautiful
in the extreme. The trees seem-
ed full of song-birds. "Let there
be serpents in this Eden, for a
large rattler had been killed on
the camp site a few days before,
and we saw a harmless blacksnake
glide into the bushes near by."

J. W. Childers has lived on the
rising ground back from the river
for many years. Only recently
has the railroad crossed this other-
wise remote spot. The section
foreman is an enthusiastic fisher-
man, and the next day being a
holiday and the 4th of July, he put
in most of the day fishing. He
and his wife are from North Caro-
lina, and they have an interesting
family of three little girls.

Never have we slept sounder
than on that sand-bank before the
camp fire, with little but the up-
turned boat and heaven for cover-
ing. The lady slept nine hours
like a veteran camper.

In getting one next day. By this
time the river was too low to con-
tinue the journey. The sand bed
emptied as mightily for another
sleep, but as we had promised our
anxious friends at home to write
or come that day, when the train
hailed up at the water tank, we
jolted the boat, got aboard. Then
on the swift journey, homeward
with renewed interest we pointed
out the rough places on the 24
miles of river we now knew so
well.

For nearly every year since we
can remember we have gone fish-
ing on the Greenbrier. As a
general thing fish have taken the
bait well on the day we celebrate
and many good catches have gone
to our credit, but on a few occa-
sions the fish have deserted their
independence and we have come
empty away. Heretofore the river
has been deserted on the 4th,
and there has always been great
chunks of solitude hanging around
each and every pool awaiting the
coming of the world sick mortal
who wants to get out of hearing of
the strife long enough to see how
far he has come, but this year was
an exception, proving to our un-
willing reasoning powers that
there are more people and the
supply of bass will have to be di-
vided among a larger number of
mouths than ever before.

Instead of whole stretches of
water with no one in sight, every
pool deep enough to shelter a bass
had several weary waiters for bites
but the waters were high and milky
and nothing was doing.

We got real industrious this
year and walked about two miles
to get some minnows; this is, we
started to walk, but in a short dis-
tance was overtaken by a buggy
and got a ride. The day was hot
and the minnows hard to catch.
After securing about 20, it was
found the trusty truck was out of
its usual pocks. Now this is no
ordinary knife and we felt sorry
when we found we had lost it.

We had once heard tell how the
old hunters when they had lost an
article, would sit down and do
some hard head work until they
remembered where the missing
thing had been left. We loved
we would try this as we had no
idea of leaving that knife, having
carried it so long it had almost be-
come a part of our anatomy. We
hunted up a shady place to do our
conjuring, but the day was too
bright and hot, and soon we were
fast asleep.

Along about 4 o'clock the sun
had worked around until it shone
squarely in our face, waking us up
enough to hear the passenger whis-
tle, and again we began to take
notice. Having forgotten to
shade the minnow bucket about
half of our bait had turned their
bellies to the sun and were dead.
The best minnows were left, how-
ever, and we waded a bee line for
the river, finding the missing knife
in the fish-basket.

We met several fishermen re-
turning, all with high-water-hard-
luck stories, and saw others of the
fraternity standing around likely
looking pools with a look of long-
ing desire spread over their fea-
tures.

We were beginning to get scared
up about catching a basket of
bass as several pools upon which
we had depended for a fish or two
had been fished by men until they
were blue in the face and nary a
rise, and many a strong arm was
hanging limp by the side from
pure trouble and exhaustion.

But we had a few moves yet to
play, for what profit is it to a man
to spend his life in the swamps of
the Greenbrier until he is webfoot
ed if he can't think like a bass. We
had learned a thing or two about
high water fishing years before by
sad experiences, and therefore we
hunted up a shallow pool where
the water eddied from a large rock.
The first cast fetched its grist in
the form of a twelve inch bass. He
took the bait with the regulation
rush and put up such a fight we
thought surely he would weigh
at least two pounds. Our little old
rod had only six ounces to its cred-
it and consequently there was a
lot of battle before the bass was
done to death. The more we fit
the stronger he got, and we imag-
ined that bass demanded a landing
on the bank in consideration of
his strength, age and general stand-
ing in the community. We show-
ed him this respect and hauled him
out on the sand, although it was
a rather painful procedure, as a
lack had worked up in the sole of
the shoemaker's friend. The
storekeeper told us these shoes
were made especially for the man
who fishes. We guess they were as
no man without the patience of a
Job could ever stay with them.
They even try the patient fisher-
man, throwing him down in the
water, pinching a pet corn and ch-
wise taking liberties with his per-
son, but this is a side issue.

After landing our bass which
was an epoch making one, being
the first of the season, we were
anxious to repeat the sensation.
In this we were not disappointed:
That particular pool yielding 14
goodly bass before the minnows
gave out.

A fellow sufferer made his ap-
pearance around the bend and we
slipped into the bushes out of sight.
He might find that pool if he
could, but we owned him nothing.

We believe it is poor policy to
shower the hard earned fruits of
experience to the winds by telling
everybody where the good fishing
water is. We should not so de-
spise the gifts the gods provide.
Beside it is not fair to brother bass
to tell his secrets.

KIDDING THE EDITOR.

They were three prize hired men
from Bitter Creek, and had come
to town to spend the day, seeing
the sights and having a good time
generally. They had come espe-
cially prepared to "kid" the town
fellows, and their friend the editor.
If he wanted to make himself popu-
lar with the reading public, all he
would have to do was to publish
some of the things they told him.
About ten o'clock the three hap-
pened around at the printing office
to see how the work was done.

The editor had been driven from
the sanctum by stress of work, and
was manfully kicking a job press.

Josh approached the editor and
asked if he be the boss.

Jenkins replied "I be," and went
on with his work, for he knew
from long experience nothing was
coming from a crowd like that.

This sort of reception some-
what cooled Josh, but he would
not down, so he asked what "muz
the farel" of that paper, anyhow?"
"Dollar," said Jenkins, and he
handed Josh a copy of the last is-
sue before that worthy had time
to ask "how much that would be
for one."

Here was another cooler for
Josh, but he made another des-
perate effort to start a conversa-
tion.

"Don't know Ben Holcomb, do
you?"

"No."
"He's a funny fellow," Ben is-
eastest man to tease I ever see
gits mad at nothin'." But the ed-
itor did not look interested, and
Josh shifted from one foot to the
other, and then he bloughed him-
self of the great joke he had per-
petrated that morning, having put
on shoes that were not mates. He
pointed out this fact to the editor,
but he gave them such a look of re-
proof that Josh felt uneasy and
sorry that he had ever been born
such a great humorist.

Josh was still game, however,
and would talk or bust, and he got
down to the real business of the
visit.

"You know Ben Holcomb?"

"No."
"That feller I spoke about a bit
ago," and then Josh said desper-
ately, "you tell it, Bob."

But Bob wouldn't tell it. He
looked Josh had figured it all out
coming down, and that he himself
never could give no representation
of nothin' anyhow.

Well, Josh could tell it, if he had
it to do, but he again insisted on
Bob to do, but he began.

"Ben Holcomb don't take your
paper, but he reads it just the
same, and I just want you to drag
him a bit. Ben bought a patent
corn planter this year."

The speaker paused for the cy-
clone of mirth to subside. The
editor did not see the point, and
asked if it worked.

"It worked all right, mister, but
Ben did not buy it until his corn
came up!"—just fix up to suit your
self, but don't tell who told you."

Josh was sweating like a nigger
at election, and wore an expectant
look. But the editor would not
say anything peculiar in a man
saying something he did not need.
He had seen agents himself, and
had always come off second best.
He loved Ben Holcomb could buy
as many corn planters as he dur-
ed pleased and when he wanted
them. Josh looked pained, stretch-
ed his mighty frame, gave a yawn
that did full justice to his 200 lb.
carcass, wiped the cold sweat from
his brow and moved on. He
wanted no more editor in his'n.
They would not enter into the
true spirit of a joke. They made
him tired, causing him to forget
some of his best points.

MRS. MARY SYDENSTRICKER.

Sad tidings came by phone to
Marlinton Sabbath afternoon that
Mrs. Mary Sydenstricker, relict of
the late Hon. John M. Sydenstrick-
er, had died at her home in the
Richlands of Greenbrier County,
on Friday afternoon, July 4th, in
the 74th year of her life. She was
born and reared in Ohio, and was
twice married. She is survived by
Miss Anna Surbaugh of the first
marriage, and by three sons by
the second marriage, John B. T.
A. and Edward Sydenstricker. All
three of these sons are official
members of their respective churches.

For a year or thereabouts this
estimable lady has been in failing
health, and her sufferings towards
the last were bitterly intense, until
she became unconscious a week
or so previous to the dying day.

To say that she was a model
Christian needs no formal state-
ment. There are many friends far
and near with whom her name will
live for long remembered years,
embalmed with their tears and
loving thoughts as the best that
they can give.

On Saturday her remains were
taken to Lewisburg, and placed by
the side of her much lamented hus-
band, and so in death these per-
sons so lovely and pleasant in
their lives were not long divided.

THE CAMERONS

Family History of the Camerons of Virginia.
In two Papers

THE OLD SCOTCH CAMERONS

Ancestry Traced to the to the Warrior
of Colchester. By John Cameron and
Major Charles Edward Cameron,
Ancestress, Virginia, Nationally

But for the names are held
in higher honor, or in more affec-
tionate remembrance than that of
Major Charles Edward Cameron,
Major Charles Edward Cameron,
Warm Springs, Bath County, Va.
He was a son of Dr. John Cameron
who was the first of the Cameron
clan to come to America, so far as
known to us. He was a son of
Evan Cameron of Fassifern, a
younger brother of Lochiel, who
led the Camerons at the battle of
Culloden. Lochiel and Evan were
sons of "John the Tanager," who
was the son of Sir Evan Dhu Cam-
eron, according to W. and A. K.
Johnston's "Scottish Clans and
their Tartans." The term "Tan-
ger" signifies land owner or gov-
ernor. In Johnston's book this is
recorded. "An eminent native of
Kilmale was the famous Sir Evan
of Lochiel, who was born in 1629
and died in 1719, and was a fam-
ous cavalier in his time. From his
swarthy complexion he was nam-
ed Evan Dhu. At the head of his
clan Sir Evan is said to have made
no less than thirty-five armed for-
ays into the territories of his en-
emies."

Evan Cameron of Fassifern mar-
ried Lucy Campbell of Barcoland,
the mother of Dr. John Cameron,
the American immigrant, and im-
mediate ancestor of the Virginia
Camerons. Lucy Campbell's fa-
ther succeeded to the estate Glen-
more, on the death of his brother,
who was shot at the Ferry of Balla-
chulish in Appin, by Allan Brae
Stewart, otherwise known as Vic
Jan VicAlaster, a crime for which
the Laird of Ardsheil was judi-
cially executed by the Duke of Ar-
gyle at the Castle of Limerick.

In the period of the Scottish civil
war the Camerons were ever
loyal to the house of Stewart. One
of the poet Campbell's more thrill-
ing poems is about Sir Lochiel just
before the battle of Culloden.

Popularly he was known in his
clan as the gentle Lochiel, while
in the histories he is written of as
the "Great Lochiel." It was Lo-
chiel, who in his loving, ardent
way exclaimed to Prince Charles
"Come weal, come woe, I'll fol-
low thee!"

Lochiel Campbell's steel High-
land pistols, found on the bloody
and fatal field of Culloden, marked
with his initials, may be seen in
the museum of antiquities at Ed-
inburgh.

In their religious proclivities the
Camerons of that period were
Catholics, and eagerly sided with
the cause of the Pretender, who
was the son of James the Second
of England, born after his father
had been deth